Whappin' a Flapper
By Yu May

Chapter 1: A Lesson in Respect

The sun was setting over the city, casting a warm glow on the bustling streets below. Among the crowd of people rushing to their destinations, a young woman stood out like a bright star in the night sky. Her name was Molly, and she was a flapper.

With her bobbed hair, red lipstick, and short, fringed dress, she was the epitome of the modern woman. She was a wild child, a rebel, and she loved nothing more than dancing the night away in the city's most popular speakeasies.

As she made her way to her favorite club, Molly couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement bubbling up inside her. The city was alive with energy, and she was ready to embrace it.

"Hey, Molly!" a voice called out from behind her.

She turned to see her friend, a fellow flapper named Clara, hurrying to catch up with her.

Clara gave Molly a playful nudge. "You're looking mighty fine tonight."

Molly grinned, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, you know me. I always like to make a statement."

The two girls laughed and made their way to the club, where they danced the night away to the smooth sounds of jazz.

As the night wore on, Molly lost herself in the music and the energy of the crowd. She flirted with handsome men and teased her friends, never once thinking about the consequences of her actions.

Finally, when the sun began to rise over the city, Molly knew it was time to go home. She bid farewell to Clara and made her way to the train station, where she caught the first train back to her parents' farm.

When she arrived at the farm, she was greeted by her father, a stern, bearded man with a furrowed brow. "Where have you been?"

Molly shrugged, rolling her eyes flippantly. "Out dancing, of course."

Her father's face turned red as a beet. "Enough is enough," he said, his voice shaky. "You've been running wild for too long, and it's time you learned a lesson. I'm going to give you a lickin'."

...

Molly's father took her by the wrist, his grip firm but not painful. He led her to the couch, where he sat down and, without a word, took Molly across his knee. She was in disbelief. Surely, this couldn't be happening. But it was.

Her father began to spank her, and Molly was shocked into silence. She still couldn't believe this was happening to her. Finally, she begged her mother to help, but her mother only stood there, nodding in approval.

"You've had this coming to you, Molly," her mother said, her voice calm and collected. "You've been getting too big for your britches, plain and simple."

Molly felt her temper rise, her face flushing red to match her hot seat. “Horse apples! I’m too old to be spanked! I’m eighteen years old, I’m a modern woman, I can vote, and I can go out hoofin’ anytime I want. You’re just jealous to be stuck at home with Pops like a couple flat tires!”

But her words only seemed to make her father more determined. Pops landed a ferocious pop on Molly’s seat to shut her trap.

Then, he stood her up and looked her straight in the eyes. "You're never too old to learn respect, Molly. And you will learn it, one way or another."

Molly smirked, thinking her spanking was over. “Well, I’ve learned my lesson! Anyway, I’m heading to the Juice Joint. Want me to bring you back some…hooch?”

Unfortunately for Molly, her father was not done with her yet. He lifted her skirt and pulled down her knickers in a single yank. “Strike two. We’re going to start this spanking over from the beginning. This time, you will learn to never dishonor your mother."

Molly’s complaints died on her lips as she was forced over her father’s knee once again, as easily as a rag doll. Her bottom, once her pride and joy, now on shameful display. The lesson in respect had only just begun.

Chapter 2: A Lesson in Modesty

Molly's cries echoed through the house as her father's calloused hand met her bare bottom, the pain searing through her body. She had never felt such a stinging sensation before, and she realized how much more vulnerable she was without the protection of her clothing.

"Please, Daddy!" she begged, her voice wavering with a mix of pain and desperation. "I'll do more chores! I'll never be disrespectful again! Please, just stop!"

Her father paused for a moment, his hand resting on her reddened bottom. "Molly, I know you're going to be a good girl from now on, because I'm going to spank you each and every time you behave like a flapper. Now apologize to your mother, and then I'mma finish paddlin' ya."

Molly's heart sank. She couldn't imagine enduring this kind of punishment on a regular basis. She looked to her mother, tears streaming down her face. "Mommy, please ask him to stop. I'm sorry, I really am!"

But her mother shook her head, her expression unyielding. "It's too late for apologies, Molly. You brought this on yourself."

As she heard her mother's words, Molly felt a sense of foreboding doom like a thundercloud come crashing down on her. The cloud seemed to dispel as Molly's father resumed the spanking, his hand coming down hard on her tender bottom. Molly cried out, her body writhing in pain, but there was no escape.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, her father stopped. Molly lay over his knee, her breath coming in ragged gasps as she tried to recover from the ordeal.

She looked up at her father, her eyes filled with tears. "Is it over?" she whispered.

Her father shook his head. "No, Molly. It ain't near over. Not yet, anyway. That all depends."

Molly grit her teeth, her eyes flashing. “Depends on what?”

Pops landed a firm swat to reward Molly’s disrespectful tone. “Depends on you minding your tongue for one. Now, git out of that feathery, fool outfit and stand in the corner while I talk to your Ma.”

Molly scrambled forward off her father’s lap to escape further swats and quickly undressed. Just as she bent to pull up her knickers from her ankles, she heard her mother’s voice snap from behind her. “No, Molly. Keep those drawers down. You like showing off your legs and fanny so much around town? Fine! You can show them off while you stand in the corner.”

Pulling her knickers back up anyway, Molly turned around to argue, but one look from Pa made her shut her mouth with a snap.

Pa rested his hand on his belt. “You heard your Ma, little missy.”

“Yes, Pa!” squeaked Molly, her voice cracking to resemble a mouse. Refusing to surrender completely, Molly lowered the knickers to just below her bottom, keeping the fabric pressed tight between her thighs to hold them up, and shimmied into the corner.

She felt her parents’ eyes on the back of her head and turned to look, wondering if she’d just earned a third spanking for not stripping entirely. She followed Pa’s eyes as he inspected her work, then he nodded. “That’s better. Now, put your hands behind your head, your nose gin’ the wall, and not a peep out of you.”

Molly obeyed, her hands trembling, her knees knocking, and her lip quivering.

She dreaded what would happen when she was free from this corner. She wondered if she would ever be free again.

Chapter 3: A Lesson in Obedience

Minutes passed. Molly kept her button nose pressed firmly against the wall as she listened in on her parents’ discussion behind her.

Finally, she heard Pops sigh. "Ma, would you like to take a crack at Molly?"

Molly heard her mother hum, and a shuffling sound of steps. Molly dared to peek out of the corner of her eye and saw Ma taking off one of her leather slippers. “Yessir! I think I’ll feel much better after I’ve taken my slipper to Molly!”

Molly twisted to look behind her. “Please! Not the slipper, Ma! Ain’t I been spanked enough?”

In answer, Ma planted a quick slap on the underside of Molly’s left cheek with her free hand. “Hold your tongue, and keep that nose in the corner like Papa told you! …That’s more like it. You stay there till I call you.”

Molly’s knees trembled as she heard her parents arranging the furniture in the living room. “Thank you, Papa, that will do. Molly? Come out of the corner and come to Mama, you naughty little bearcat!”

Her face burning, Molly covered her front. She turned to discover Ma standing behind the sofa, which had been moved to the center of the room. It didn’t matter that Molly was a few inches taller than Ma after her last growth spurt. Molly still felt just as helpless as she ever had at age two at the sight of the leather slipper. Molly marched demurely to face her mother eye to eye, hoping that she might still be shown mercy if she was only obedient.

Ma slapped the slipper against her palm a few times, testing the feel of the leather sole. “Well, what have you got to say for yourself?”

Realizing this was her chance, Molly affected what she hoped was a pitiable expression. “Mama? Don't… don’t you love me anymore?" she asked, her voice breaking.

Ma’s face betrayed no hint of emotion. "Of course, I love you, Molly. That's why I have to do this."

Molly’s pathetic puppy-dog eyes instantly became those of a hoary hellcat’s. “But…”

With a single flick of his thumb, Pa loosened the end of his belt from a single loop on his trousers. “You listen to your Ma. Bend over that sofa, or I’ll take my belt to ya’!”

Fresh tears of anger welling up in her eyes, Molly meekly obeyed, her face resting against the seat cushions so that her rump rose high in the air.

As Ma patted her bottom with the slipper, Molly couldn't help but wonder if this was really what love felt like.

Ma brought the slipper down with a sharp thwap that echoed in the small room. Molly howled, mentally steeling herself to feel a furious assault of quick spanks. Instead, Ma only tapped Molly's bottom gently with the slipper again. "Alright Molly, yer getting a good slipperin' today no matter what, but if you show a better attitude…I'll ask your Pa to consider sparing you a lickin' with his belt. Now, what did you do wrong?"

Molly bit her lip, desperate to say anything to save her bottom from the slipper. "I…I couldn't keep my yap shut?"

Ma thwacked Molly sharply with the slipper. "None of that fool talk. Speak plain."

Molly bit down hard on her lip by mistake, and whined with surprise as she felt a trickle of blood. Ma waited a few seconds, then patted Molly's bottom again. Knowing another spank was coming, Molly licked her lips and screamed what she hoped was the right answer. "I was disrespectful to you and Pa!"

Molly felt the soft, steady, tap, tap, tap of the sole of the slipper against her keister. "That's right. And what else?"

Molly thought of her answer in her own words, but had to second-guess herself to remember the right way to say it for her Ma. "I tipped a…ah, I went drinking?"

Tap, tap, tap. "Drinking *what*, Molly?"

Molly choked, remembering how she'd bragged to her Pa about bringing him home some hooch less than an hour ago. Ma already knew the answer, and they both knew it. "I was drinking alcohol, Ma."

Ma swung the slipper with extra force, so that it practically ripped across the surface of Molly's exposed buttocks. Molly squalled, swinging her head back and forth. But this time, instead of returning to the soft, steady taps, Ma landed a second spank, using a downward angle to leave a vertical red mark on Molly's left buttock. This surprised Molly enough to make her forget the first stroke. Fortunately, after taking a hissing breath, Molly remembered to stay in position over the sofa. The red mark left by the created the illusion that Molly just gotten a sharp kick in the ass. Ma began the steady tapping again. "It's agin' the law, Molly. What if you get put in jail?"

"The cops…the police don't care about Prohibition. Most of them are Paddys. They all drink too."

Ma landed a brisk spank, just shy of her full strength. It stang like mad, but Molly was able to supress her scream. Ma held the slipper high. "It don't matter what the police do or say. It's the Devil's drink, Molly."

Molly took a sharp breath through her nose, and clenched her jaw (along with clenching her buttocks). “They…they drink wine in the Bible!”

Ma landed four full force smacks against Molly’s clenched buttocks. “Not! In! Dens! Of! Sin!”

Jolting slightly at each smack, Molly kept her silence, inwardly smiling as she felt the sole of the slipper bounce of her clenched buttocks. If this has been a paddle or cane, tensing her buttocks would likely result in bruises, but Molly knew she could tough out a slipper…at least for a little while.

“I suppose there’s dancing, and men of ill repute at these…saloons?”

Molly forced her eyes open, blinking back tears. “There’s dancing in the Bible.”

Ma landed another downward stroke to leave a vertical, red shoeprint mark on Molly’s right buttock to match the first. “There’s fornicatin’ in the Bible, and it’s still a sin. How many of these men have you slept with, Molly?”

Molly snarled. “None! I ain’t slept with none!”

Another spank, aimed square at the center of Molly’s bottom.. “How do I know that, Molly? When you come home pregnant, out of wedlock?”

Molly sank her head into the cushion, in a failed attempt to muffle her scream. “I swear I haven’t!”

Ma angled an upward stroke across Molly’s lower left sit-spot, where the buttock connected to the upper thigh. “You’ve lied to us before, Molly.”

“I ain’t lying!”

Molly felt a matching upward stroke to her lower right sit-spot. “Ah-haaw! Please, Ma! I’m telling the truth!”

Two quick strokes, one across Molly’s left thigh, the next to the right, well below her bottom. The sound of the impact was shaper and snappier than the earlier spanks. Molly kicked and felt her foot connect with the slipper.

Ma brushed Molly’s foot away, pressed her left hand down against the small of Molly’s back, and started spanking as hard and fast as possible, concentrating on Molly’s lower buttocks. “Quit! Your! Kickin’! And! Hold! Still! Or! It’s! The! Belt!”

Panicking, Molly started to kick, resting more of her weight on her elbows. “No! Please!”

Ma delivered two of her hardest spanks yet. “Hold! Still!”

Molly screeched, her voice cracking, as two tears spilled down her eyes.

“That does it! Pa? Whup her!”

Molly’s eyes went wide, and she forced herself to put her feet back down on the floor. “No, Pa! No! Not the belt! I’ll hold still! Please! I just was just scared!”

“Quiet!” roared Pa. Both Molly and Ma snapped their traps shut.

Pa undid the clasp of his belt with a click, and pulled it from the loops. Molly’s lip trembled as she saw him fold it and hold it tight in two hands. “Ma, you can’t expect her to hold still if you keep laying it on her the whole time. Slow down, and give her a chance to obey.”

Ma waved her slipper at Molly’s upturned bottom. “You’re taking her side? She’s been an ornery, spiteful–”

Pa snapped his belt. “Do I need to take my belt to you, woman?”

Ma froze. “...No, sir.”

Pa nodded. “Then don’t tell me when I need to take a belt to my daughter. Now, as for you…”

Molly stiffened, wondering if Pa had decided he needed to take a belt to her after all. “...if you kick at your Ma again, I *am* taking my belt to you. Come ‘ere!”

Molly tensed as she felt her Pa grasp her hips, but with surprising gentleness, he guided her back from the sofa, stood her up, then placed her hands on the back of the sofa. “There, now you oughta’ be able to keep your feet firm on the ground. Ma? Finish giving Molly her spanking, and keep your temper under control.”

Ma’s voice was noticeably less heated. “Yes, Pa.”

This time, Ma took a deep breath, and placed her left hand on Molly’s left hand, softly tapping Molly’s behind with the slipper again. “All right, Molly, you say you ain’t been sleeping around at these saloons?”

Turning to look into Ma’s eyes, Molly felt a strange sense of calm. “No, ma’am.”

Ma continued the steady tapping. “I believe you…But what if some snake poisons your drink?”

Molly swallowed. She'd heard other flappers warn her how easy it was for a guy to slip a lady a mickey, even if she watched her drink like a hawk. There were dives where you could always pay the bartender to do it for you. "...I'm being…I was careful!"

Molly tensed as she saw Ma raise the slipper. But Ma faltered. "And if a bunch of them gang up on you? Pa can't protect you if you sneak out to God knows where."

Molly frowned, then looked away from her Ma. "...I can…I didn't think–"

"No, Molly, there's no excuse. We spanked you once, then out you go again…*after* you told us you wouldn't! You could be dead in a gutter, and how would I know? Read it in the paper?"

Molly hung her head. Ma flicked the slipper against Molly's bottom, and held it steady, pressing lightly against Molly's aching lower buttocks. "Well? Got anything to say for yourself?"

Molly's shoulders trembled. "No, ma'am."

Ma tapped Molly's bottom twice. "Look me in the eye, Molly."

Molly flanked furtively over her shoulder. Ma began to brush soft circles against Molly's cheeks with the sole of the slipper. "I am gonna' finish this spanking, and then you're gonna' promise me you'll never run off like that again."

Molly scowled. "But how'm I supposed to meet any fellas if I can't–"

Ma landed a quick snap with the slipper. "No! No, 'buts.' What kind of men do you expect to meet at these speakeasies? Wolves, looking for little lambs. And if one of 'em gets pregnant, so what? They can just skip town. Who's to know? Is that what you want?"

Wincing, Molly shook her head. "I don't want–there's no boys my age at church to–"

Ma interrupted Molly with a well-aimed spank, using her full arm for more follow through. The impact sent Molly rocking forward, but in this pose she found it easier to keep in position. "I don't care about the boys at church! You said last that you weren't gonna' sneak out again. Are you gonna' keep your promise this time? I want a yes, or a no."

Molly took a sharp breath through her nose, and finally twisted to look her Ma right in the eyes. "And what if I say 'no'? Why's it matter? I already lied once, didn't I?"

To Molly's surprise, she saw a tear in Ma's eye. "Because even if you lied last time, I wanna' believe you're telling the truth this time…"

Ma wiped her eyes on the back of her sleeve. "Please…just say you'll keep your promise, Molly."

Molly suddenly felt cold. The only sound was the distant clucking of the chickens from the coop outside. “...Yes, Ma. I promise.”

Ma sniffed, and patted Molly’s bottom with the slipper, while giving Molly’s hand a gentle squeeze. “And do I need to hit ya’ to make you keep that promise?”

And suddenly, Molly realized something. There was no amount of whipping that could make her obey, if she was set on disobeying. “No, Ma. You don’t gotta’ hit me no more...I’ll remember.”

Ma took a shaky breath then released her grip on Molly’s hand. “Then, I’m satisfied. Now, stand up! You still need to face your Pa…”

Furtively, Molly covered her front as she straightened up, but Ma tapped her bottom with the slipper. “...No, Molly, hands behind your head.”

Molly felt a lump in her throat. She didn’t obey immediately. Of course, she remembered being taught as a child to hold her hands behind her head after earning a whipping, but Molly hadn’t been ordered to do this in years. As she covered her bush with both hands, Molly was now painfully aware that she was now eighteen years old, and how her age didn’t matter at all when it came to getting a spanking. She was still a child.

But as Molly felt an angry twinge from her backside, her mind was made up. Standing straight, she raised her hands and held them behind her head, looking at anything she could find in the house except Ma and Pa.

She heard Pa’s voice, like a gentle hammer. “Eyes up, Molly.”

Trembling, Molly finally looked up, and found both her parents facing her, their faces composed. “I don’t want to whip you again if I don’t have to. If you keep your promise, you won’t get the belt. But if you ever sneak out again…I’m showing you what a real whipping is. Understood?”

“...Yes, sir.”

Pa frowned. “There’s one more thing…the neighbors know about you running off. One of Reverend Moorton’s oldest saw you sneaking off to the train station, while he was coming back from the city mission. You were the talk of the town all week. Because of that…I’m gonna give you a switching this Sunday, before, and after, church.”

Molly clutched the back of her head. “W-why on Sunday? Please, can’t we just get it over with now?”

“Cuz folks know you did wrong. Now they need to know you’re sorry. Their chil’ren need to see what happens, if they dishonor their father and mother.”

Molly felt cold, clammy sweat on her palms and neck. “...See what–Pa, you’re not gonna–you’re going to give me a switching after we get home, right?”

Pa took a step closer to Molly. “I’m gonna give you a switching here at home first thing Sunday morning, as your punishment for disgracing yourself. Then, we are going to church like always, and Reverend Moorton will address the wages of sin. The sin of drunkenness. The sin of disobedience. Your sins. Then, he will invite you to stand and confess your sins before the congregation. And once you’ve asked for forgiveness, you will invite the assembly to witness your chastisement, immediately after the service.”

Molly felt her knees knocking. “Pa, please–”

Pa reached around to plant a quick smack on Molly’s behind, but even that felt as heavy and terrible as the worst blow of Ma’s slipper. “No arguing. I will not have any gossip around town that you’re spoiled. It’ll be hard for you. But once it’s over, people here will know that you’ve been corrected, and forgiven…but it’s gonna have to be a proper lickin’.”

Molly strained her legs as she felt the swat, fresh tears filling her eyes. As she blinked, she felt them spill down her cheeks, and she looked at her father with blurred vision. “I…I’m sorry, Pa!”

As Molly’s resolve crumbled, she started to weep freely, and felt her Pa hugging her, followed by Ma. As Molly returned the embrace, she blubbered. “...Please, please, forgive me!”

Pa patted her back. “Of course we forgive you, Molly…but there’s still a price to pay.”

Nodding, Molly broke down sobbing, burying her head in her father’s chest, kissing him, and her Ma. There was nothing that could save her from her punishment. She dreaded it, and accepted it.

[End of Chapter 3]

[Note: the first draft of this story was based on an old AI chatlog, before I quit using AI as part of my writing process. I made extensive edits, and started writing it 100% myself starting around roughly chapter 2.]